



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A

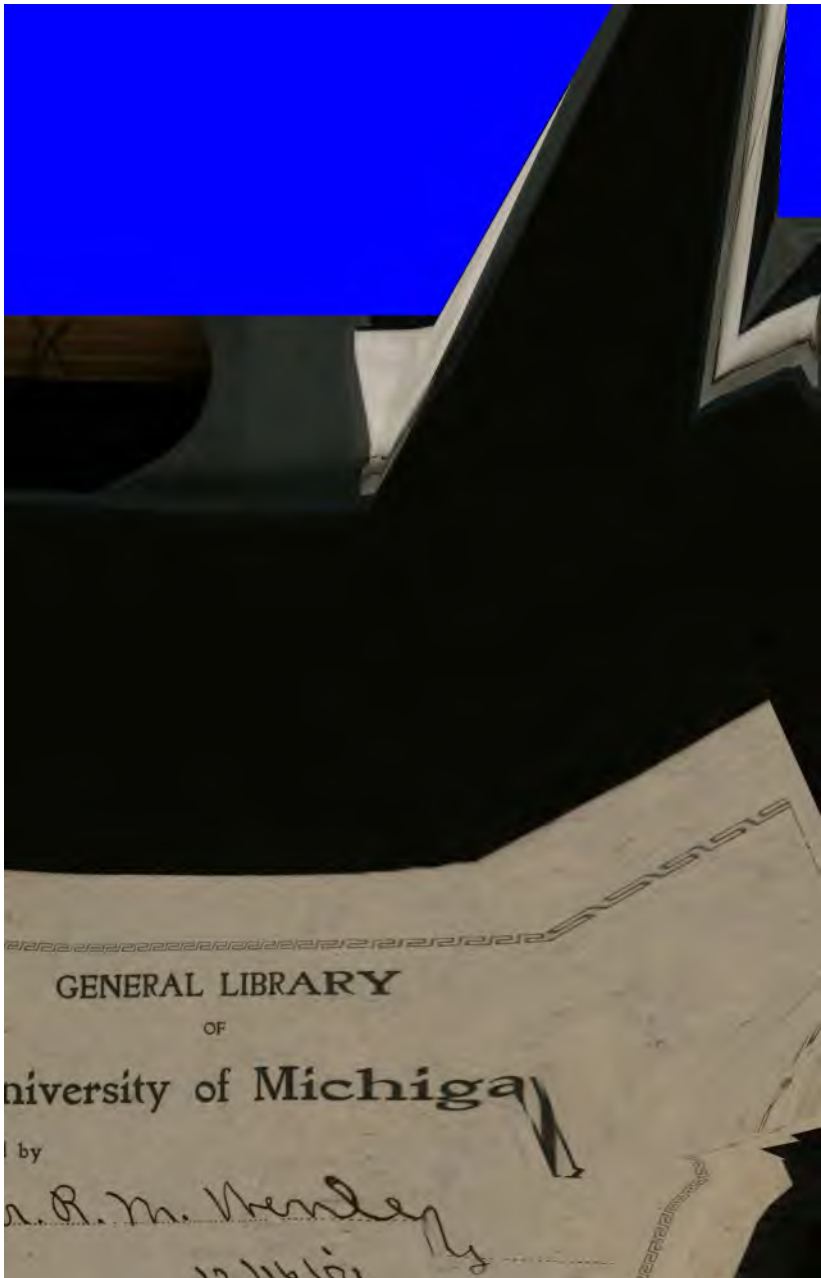
925,478

AMOR AMORIS.

SONNETS SONGS AND LYRICS.



W. D. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.







AMOR AMORIS.

ERRATUM.

Page 70, Line 3, *for they read thy.*

AMOR AMORIS.

107967

SONNETS, SONGS, & LYRICS.

BY

WILLIAM DUNDAS SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

PUBLISHED BY

ROBERT INGRAM,

PLEYDELL HOUSE, PLEYDELL STREET,

LONDON, E.C.

1901.

[COPYRIGHT IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA].

82.7
S434 am

TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY DEVOTED FRIEND,
JOHN PARK, D.D.

4-21-53MFP

recat,

INDEX

TO CONTENTS AND FIRST LINES.

AMOR AMORIS :

AMOR IN EXCELSIS	5
AMOR IN SANGUINE	10
AMOR IN TENEBRIS	37
BRAINDRIFT	53
SONGS AND LYRICS	85
SONNETS	109
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS	117

FIRST LINES.

There's naught on earth with features cast so plain	7
I know a land of sombre setting suns.. ..	8
My soul, since it has wakened to Love's day	9
Nor change of place, nor time, nor death, can bring	10
Go, foolish heart, too fond in thy transgressing	11
Hearing that someone, happier than I	12
If I should take the image of a stream	13
Dear tell-tale eyes—companions to delight	14
Be to my heart both Shepherdess and Queen	15
Again to-day I make love's pilgrimage	16
With thee my sprits trafficked in delight	17

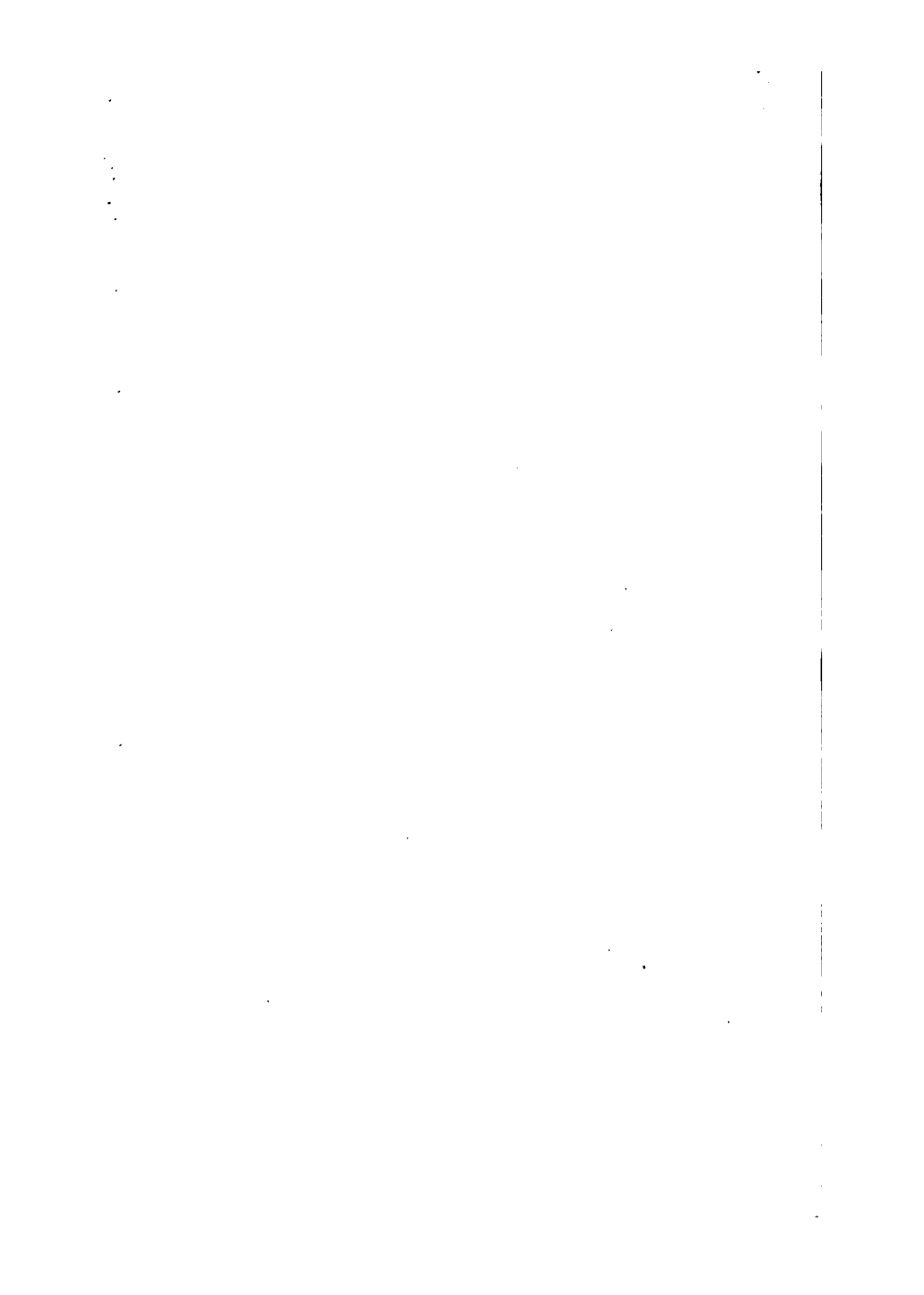
	PAGE
When love played Jehu to the dusky night	18
Let us be one to all eternity	19
See how a magnet drawn among the dust	20
Though thou art fixed as steadfast as the Star ..	21
Of thee, my muse, I needs must make complain ..	22
Sing, sing of love	23
Love, flower of flowers	25
She is my lover	27
Wilt thou prove untrue ?	28
I do not grieve to part	29
Sweet, when the brightness of the morning ..	31
Now has the passion of my soul	33
As springs o'erflow and run towards the sea..	35
When, in the sad remembrance of their doom ..	30
Had we but held our honour half so dear ..	49
If ever the slow years should lend their aid ..	41
Too well I know that when life's curtains fall ..	42
When passion led the pleasing way	43
Love is ill or dying.. .. .	45
My birthday dawn is breaking	47
I fain would sing, I cannot sing	49
Thou art dead whilst I am living	51
Over the restless ocean	55
We wait for to-morrow	56
Dear Christ, Who in Thy school of grief	58
Over the city white clouds are flying	58
Joy had never sweetness	59
My well-fed friend, this is not the end	60
On days like these we mortals should be better ..	61
Passing beneath the solemn gates of sleep	62
Adversity, good scolding wife	63

	PAGE
I, who have lived beneath life's northern wall ..	64
Where merry children were playing	65
There's a little back yard in the midst of a town ..	66
Three of our village lights are late	67
A blue vein crosses my dear love's breast	68
Oh, what is this for which my heart is longing? ..	69
When thy dear lips as roses red.. .. .	70
Do not bare your sorrow	71
Where'er I've gone I've ever noted this	72
Men-minded women and maid-minded men ..	73
This world is but a paradise of wishes	74
Roses are red and so are some men's noses	75
If a maiden grant a boon.. .. .	76
The gods, one sunny afternoon	77
The fairest flowers are forced to fade	78
In the land where the roses and daffodils know ..	79
A poet's life was weighed in Heaven	80
Out on a point of the far North Sea	81
The squaring of circles as large as the moon ..	83
Wi' Bonny Jean through Denholm's Dean	87
O! fair is Llanbedr, where tall grows the heather ..	88
O! Maggie Lohead	90
The Summer's broom has golden bloom	92
Here's a health to the lad who will give me a kiss	94
I have passed the pike in the middle of life.. ..	95
The lover has whispered the maiden to wait ..	97
Primrose, who art so sweet	98
Bright young moon above the uplands rising ..	99
When Sylvia trips across the plain	100
When willow wands begin to spring	101
The world is never twice the same	102

	PAGE
By silver streams where throistles call	104
If you are not kind	106
Tell me not the skies are blue	107
How bright the hours when Beauty's spell	108
Thou art a priestess sacrificed to man	110
Lo! what a despot is this tyrant Time	111
Still the unending whence and why and whither	112
If Death be rest, Death will be rest indeed	113
A wave not high but coming from afar	114
How full of manhood must your soul have been	115
The beggar of love is a thirsty soul	118
Ye may not break the spell	120
Clear glancing waves o'er glittering seas	124
First-love's inarticulate breath	125
Look on this picture sideways	126
The noonday murmur of the bee	126
Long buried in this sacred ground	130
Come near me now when all the night is still	131



AMOR IN EXCELSIS.



AMOR IN EXCELSIS.



I.

There's naught on earth with features cast so
plain
But that the sun can make his visage shine,
No loss so great but he can turn to gain,
Enhancing all with alchemy divine.
When he ascends, the world is filled with light,
And sullen rocks grow golden in his beams,
The darkest clouds he swiftly puts to flight,
And silver mists rise from his burnished streams.
When he descends, his glory fills the skies
Translucent in the mirrors of the sea ;
When he is gone, sleep seals the weary eyes
And wraps the soul till morning set it free :
Love is life's sun, whose worth being all unknown,
Eden is lost and paradise o'erthrown.

II.

I know a land of sombre setting suns,
Where grey dawns grow to dim half-lighted
noons,
Through whose ravines no river ever runs,
Nor any mirror for the bright rimmed moons.
There, circled by the gloom of herdless hills,
Whose shadows mingle o'er long barren plains,
Dwell loveless souls, who, fleeing from the ills
Of thirst and hunger, fall upon fresh pains
Through loss, by moth and rust, of all they love,
But men who live in loving, and who own
God's gift of giving, have a sky above,
Whose glories, even clouded, well atone
For lack of perfect brightness, and around
Eternal plenty springing from the ground.

III.

My soul, since it has wakened to Love's day,
Fresh from the East, o'erflowing with delight,
Looks gladly onward, for I now can say
That starless, cold, illimitable night,
Black with mistrust for what the future is,
Has been illumined and a certain scan
Is mine of all before me. It is His,
Who, mingling immortality with man,
Still meant that man, untainted by the dust
That makes his body, should descry a land
Beyond corruption's horror, where his trust
Should anchor firmly, as the final strand
Where, after Death, clear skies are never dim
But all our soul's last life is bright with Him.

AMOR IN SANGUINE.

Nor change of place, nor time, nor death, can
bring

An ending to the story of true love
Which like a phoenix from its dust will spring
And, being mortal, can immortal prove.—
These fragile lines, frail fortress for thy fame,
Past whose defence oblivion may not cross,
Weak wall of words against the ages' shame
And all their faded inventory of loss,
Though built more airy than a silkworm's
thread,

Or spider's web begemmed with glittering dew,
Morticed by dreams born in a lover's head,
Once being writ, remain for ever new :
Thus all untouched love's phantasy will stay,
While marble temples crumble to decay.

I.

Go, foolish heart, too fond in thy transgressing,
Take hence thy chattels gossamer as dreams,
I'll to the priest and, after my confessing,
Will grasp life's substance, leaving all that seems.
Where wilt thou go ? hence, hence, I cannot tell
thee,

Or, if I must, then go to memory's cave,
There read the records of what erst befell thee,
When we were friends—a master and a slave.
If thou art lonely—shout, and lo ! revoicing,
Full many an echo from these aisles will come ;
Pursue thy way and there, no more rejoicing,
Thou'lt find thy boon companions, blind and
dumb,

Passion and Lust—go, comfort them awhile
Poor famished paupers, desolate and vile !

IV.

Dear tell-tale eyes—companions to delight,
Whose crystal orbs, sovereign for love's distress,
Fill fairy beakers all the enchanted night
From fountains of imagined happiness ;
Mirrors of light, as subtle and as swift,
The soul's twin prisms bright with glittering
 gems
That from the coloured Rainbow bring love's
 gift
To deck fond souls in passion's diadems—
Where were the gods ? who, when they touched
 the tip
Of their divine endeavour, downward fell,
Drunken with wine, o'er-purpled to the lip,
Leaving their work for grey-haired Grief to tell,
How these same eyes, through the long alien
 years,
Grow dull with sorrow and are dimmed by tears !

v.

Be to my heart both Shepherdess and Queen
Holding my thoughts all gathered in thy fold ;
Or, if they stray where pleasant paths are seen,
Still be their mistress, all their number told.
Then I to thee will sing full many a tune
On love's own lute, whose notes are sweeter far
Than nightingales' that warble to the moon,
Or song of thrush, who, when the Evening Star
Shines all alone, entrances the dull night
With passionate repeatings of love's pain ;
And still sing on, until the listening light
Touches the lark, who, high in heaven again,
Beats his full heart against the bars of time,
As I do mine, an alien in earth's clime.

VI.

Again to-day I make love's pilgrimage
Like some poor sinner who has lost his soul,
Who calls on heaven his sorrow to assuage
And prays his priest to give some ghostly dole.
Where last we met my heart has built a shrine,
Lit by love's lamp which thou hast set on flame,
And there I kneel again to wish thee mine—
Returning empty-handed whence I came.
Ah ! never be so niggard of love's store
But that thou spare me some small drop of oil
Wherewith to trim love's lantern that before
Hath not been lit, through many years of toil.
Could'st thou but see thy pilgrim thus forlorn,
Pity would build some shelter from thy scorn.

VII.

With thee my spirits trafficked in delight
And danced with fairies to a viol's strings,
Leaving unused all avenues of sight
For airy chords and fond imaginings.
Then did our thoughts make frolic with sweet
 sounds
Hither and thither with the player's skill,
Till fancy's flight, o'erleaping earthly bounds,
Sailed on high clouds created at her will.
Now love, grown sad and many days forlorn,
Consorts alone with mournful memory,
And those clear springs where fantasy was born
In this long drought of absence are gone dry.
Come back, dear heart, our parting is such pain,
Retune life's lute and strike love's chords again.

VIII.

When love played Jehu to the dusky night,
Driving his coursers swiftly to the dawn,
Day's dappled steeds, still swifter in their flight,
Flashed to high noon when darkness was withdrawn.

Then did our spirits trample upon Time
As mounted chargers strike the up-bearing
ground ;

Joy, like a race-horse, prancing in his prime
Leaping his hours, like moments at a bound.
Now sombre days, poor jaded palfreys stand
Nor whip nor spur can bend them to my will,
Thou being gone, they miss thy gentle hand ;
The clock ticks on,—but yet seems standing still.
Come back dear heart, our parting is such pain,
Retake love's seat and drive Time's steeds
again.

IX.

Let us be one to all eternity.

The world is one and beats with one great heart.

Winds with the winds are lovers, and the sea

Whose boisterous storms o'ertax the seaman's
art

Holds not a crest so high but it will break

Into the next wave's arms. It is the shore

Stemming their happy passion that doth wake

Loud and contentious thunders when they roar

Each maddened by the other. Star with star

Holds heavenly converse and a thousand
strings

With blended rhythm trembling from afar,

Melodious as the beat of angel's wings

Vibrate at peace for ever ! Let us stand

Here on Time's verge, both listening hand in
hand.

X.

See how a magnet drawn among the dust
Of steel or iron falling from a file
With subtle force, untouched by Time or rust,
Draws all the atoms to a shapely pile,
Moving the formless into form again,
So now the threads and patches of my life,
All thought and feeling, every joy and pain,
Touched by thy presence cease to be at strife,
And all combined by one strong influence
Take rule and order from my love's decree.
Still be my magnet, never move from whence
Thy presence is my being—Let me be
As dust without thee, but with thee combined,
One thought, one feeling, moving in one mind.

XI.

Though thou art fixed as steadfast as the Star,
Who holds his lamp unmoved from age to age,
Compared with whom all things inconstant are,
Against whose place and substance Time doth
rage :

Though I am as a moon, lit by thy love,
Suffering eclipse from absence—and can take
No light but thine, which shines so far above ;
Yet, like the Star, I know, that for love's sake,
Thou dost not hold high state in heaven alone,
But, on the trembling mirror of my life,
Like a Star's image on clear waters thrown,
Where star and imaged star-light are at strife
That each should be the brightest, thou dost seem
Soul of my soul and all things else a dream.

XII.

Of thee, my muse, I needs must make complain,
That thou dost linger with so sweet a song ;
Ah ! well thou knowest that my heart is fain
And that thy silence does my passion wrong :
Thou knowest that my love is fair to see
And that of her I ever sweetly dream :
Thou knowest well that she is dear to me,
And that her beauty is a worthy theme.
Haste thee, my muse, step forth this lovely morn,
And see my love already seemly clad
In silk attire whose worth she doth adorn,
(None ever saw her but their heart was glad,)
Choose where thou wilt, her face, her form, her
voice,
All are most fair and worthy of thy choice.

Sing, sing of love !

Of love the golden, while the sun is shining,

All the day long is far too short to sing

Of love, with folded wing,

On one fond heart reclining.

Why should day set so soon ?

It is to send the moon,

Who brings love's goblet of enchanted sleep, :

Dream deep, dear heart, dream deep,

Unfathomed sleep.

Another day will spring,
Love will unfold his wing,
Yet not to fly afar,
As some inconstant are,
But, after day's delight,
To welcome the cool night
That smooths away distress,
Then, to our lips we'll press
Love's goblet that brings sleep ;
Dream deep, dear heart, dream deep,
Unfathomed sleep.

I.

Love, flower of flowers, no rose or lily fairer—

False noted words!—

I long for music richer far and rarer

Clear songs of birds.

II.

Singer of love, thrush, to the sunrise singing,

Empty thy heart,

And, while thy breast to passion's chord is

ringing,

Give me a part.

III.

Then to the garden, all among the roses,
Fresh washed with dews ;
Proud cultured queens, in tilted petal-poses,
And royal hues.

IV.

Next to the roses, tall white lilies growing ;—
Hark to his tune !
The song, the flowers, love, in the sunrise glowing.
Are God in June !—

She is my lover
And I am hers,
There is naught above her
But air serene
And she stands on heights where a south wind
 stirs
High tasseled tops of the tallest firs
And she sings the news that the ring-dove
 brings
Of catkin buds and fresh filled springs,
The news of the earth grown, dear heart,
The news of the earth grown green.

I.

Wilt thou prove untrue, ever, ever?
Past the crack of doom and the upbreking,
When the forlorn soul its last sad look is taking,
Tell me, love, " Never ! "

II.

Should I prove untrue ever, ever,
My own true love for aught beside forsaking,
Heaven I shall not see at my awaking,
Never, love, never !

I.

I do not grieve to part,
Because your dear eyes tell
It is not long farewell
Until to-morrow's moon ;
Yet, when I ask my heart,
It answers, I am fain
That we should meet again,
Soon, soon, so soon.

II.

I do not grieve to part,
Because I know
Where'er I go
Love will not lose his boon ;
Yet, when I ask my heart,
It answers, I am fain
That we should meet again,
Soon, soon, so soon.

I.

Sweet ! when the brightness of the morning,
With fresh delight, paints land and lake and sea ;
As I am waking
My soul is taking
Deep draughts of love and thee.

II.

Sweet ! when the glory of the noontide
Is glowing cloudless on the golden lea,
My thoughts are turning,
With passion burning
To light and love and thee.

III.

Sweet ! when the sadness of the gloaming
Is throwing shadows over field and tree,
My heart is beating
At thought of meeting
My love, my life, with thee.—

I.

Now has the passion of my soul
Embraced the passion of my blood
And both together onward roll
One river in a crimson flood.

II.

Her white breasts, gleaming through the gloom,
Rise cadent with her balmy breath,
Her golden hair, in clustered bloom,
Makes fair this borderland of death.

III

Shall I awake her? Ah! not yet, •
 The dawn too soon will touch the hill,
To-morrow's eyelids may be wet,
 Leave her to sleep, thus soft and still.

As springs o'erflow and run towards the sea
So my thoughts run to thee.

As mated birds home to their fledglings flee
So my heart homes to thee.

As shackled prisoners languish to be free
So do I long for thee.

As nature yearns that unborn things should be
So my soul yearns for thee.

AMOR IN TENEBRIS.

AMOR IN TENEBRIS.



I.

When, in the sad remembrance of their doom,
I gaze upon the wreck of pleasures passed
Within the grasp of Time's all-holding tomb,
Where every future treasure must be cast :
Then, as a miser o'er lost wealth doth brood,
Unmindful of the plenty in his store,
I lose the comfort of my present good
By mourning for the loss of all before.
Then I perceive that all delights must be
Possession of the past and not of mine,
Swift as clear rivers running to the sea,
Whose salt waves mix their freshness up with
brine:
Fair sights, sweet sounds, bright days, love's
raptures seem
Like phantom treasure, counted in a dream.

II.

Had we but held our honour half so dear
As thou hast made the bait that brought it low,
We then had walked erect, with naught to fear
For broken purpose whither we should go.
Knowing the past, our knowledge is our fate,
Born in the hour when most we should have
 striven ;
No flaming sword is needed at the gate,
To guard the Eden whence we have been driven.
But since we both have sat at Passion's feast
And drunk the purple plenty of his wine,
What else remains? The present hath not ceased
To fill love's goblet—though the blame be mine,
I'll clasp thee closer—Heaven may be won
Beyond the desert—Lo ! the rising sun.

III.

If ever the slow years should lend their aid
To pluck love's bitter from remembered sweet,
Casting our faults to time's forgotten shade,
It then, perchance, t'were well that we should
meet

And somewhere, by the margin of the sea,
Whose waves retain no trace of what has been,
Hold a new session of the days to be :—
Ah ! then again the meadows might be green
Where Grief's deep plough has made their
furrows brown ;

Once more the thorn might blossom in the sun
And Love, like Spring, make sport of Winter's
frown.

The past being past and sorrow wholly done,
Our souls re-wove, without the woof of pain,
Might find fresh joy and paradise regain.

IV.

Too well I know that when life's curtains fall
And Death's wide windows open to the day,
My earth-worn spirit, wandering in its thrall,
Will never meet thee, 'mid the spectres grey
Of sins committed and good deeds undone:
But yet I trust that, sometimes from the heights
Which close these comrades, I may see the sun,
Or some far intimation of the lights
Where thou and thy fair company of saints
Hold Heavenly converse, and, with head low bent,
That I may hear some echo, e'er it faints,
Of that clear choir whose perfect chords are sent
Through life and death, for ever keeping time
To God's high will and purposes sublime.

I.

When passion led the pleasing way
To the bower where thy beauty bid me stay,
My heart was ready to obey.

II.

Thy face was a subtle sorcery,
I let the languid hours go by,
Thy voice was a lovely melody.

III.

Across thy breast I saw a stain,
Like the blood of a creature freshly slain,
But of blood and breast I both was fain.

IV.

On roses red I seemed to slip,
Thou gavest a cup of the gods to sip,
I kissed the rubies of thy lip.

V.

Thy snowy breast is passing fair,
And the stain I see no longer there :
But now my heart grows cold with care.

IV.

Glad Spring will never come again :
I long for rest and peace in vain,
A frozen winter grasps my brain.

I.

Love is ill or dying,
I know not which ;
He is poor now who was once so rich
And I hear him sighing
“ Where is my delight ? ”
’Tis sad to see poor love in such a plight.

II.

His eyes no longer brighten
Like violets in May ;
He is sad now whose wont was once so gay ;
Nothing seems to lighten
The burden that he carries ;
Joy is no more and still dull sorrow tarries.

III.

His looks, once full of laughter,
Are woe begone and stricken ;
He, who was so well, now begins to sicken
From always looking after ;
And still I hear him sigh
“ Love, that is true love, cannot say good-bye.”

I.

My birthday dawn is breaking,
And the fair Aurora waking
Steps down her silver ladder from the sea ;
But to thee my heart is turning,
And for thee my soul is yearning,
And a shadow hides the glory all from me.

II.

The lark, his nest forsaking,
From his wings the dew is shaking,
As he sings his blithest carol o'er the lea :
I can hear the welkin ringing,
But to thee my thoughts are clinging,
And silence seems the happiest for me.

III.

The winds are softly blowing,
From the fields where flowers are growing,
And they shake the whitest blossoms from the
tree :
But for thee my soul is sighing : —
Where I stand the flowers are dying,
And the breezes bring no messages for me.

I.

I fain would sing, I cannot sing,
I long to sing my love for thee.
My thirst goes to an empty spring
Unquenched by what can never be.

II.

I long to sing, I cannot sing,
I fain would sing thy love for me.
Alas! it is a doubtful thing,
That makes me mad to think of thee.

III.

I fain would sing, I cannot sing,
I long to sing of thine and mine :
My thoughts are thirsty fiends that bring,
And bid me drink long draughts of brine.

IV.

I fain would sing, I cannot sing
A song of happy years to come,
The years young hands the dirges ring
I hear the knell my heart is dumb.

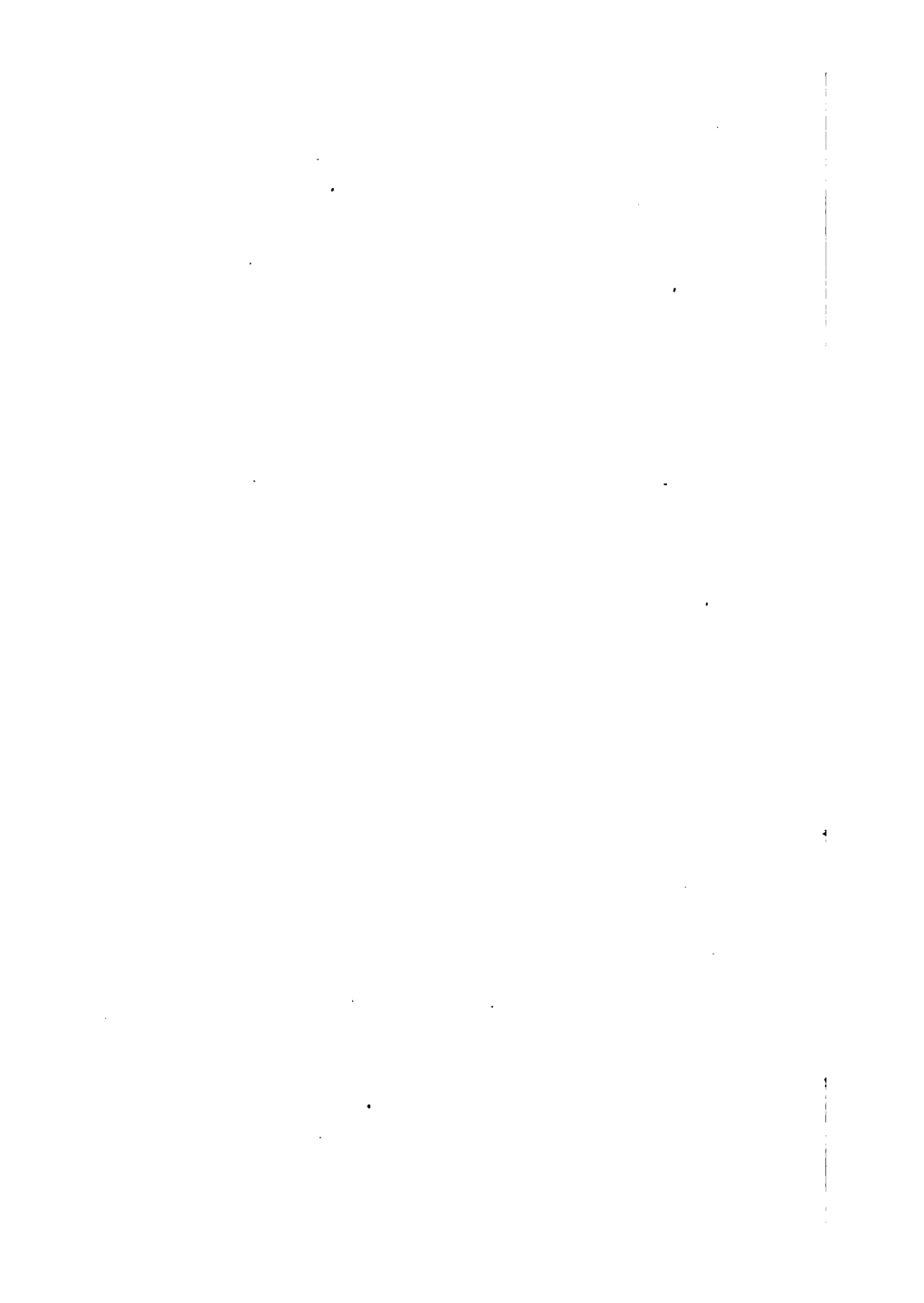
I.

Thou art dead whilst I am living,
There is neither take nor giving,
Faith alone can think or speak of thee
Yet I hear thy spirit crying,
Like a bird long tired of flying
O'er the silence and the sadness of the sea.

II.

Thou hast knowledge, I am groping,
Fighting with despair and hoping
For a time of happiness to be,
When again we shall be straying,
As of old, two children playing,
By the laughter and the gladness of the sea.

BRAINDRIFT.



BRAINDRIFT.

LINES WRITTEN AT ARISAIG.

Over the restless ocean
The winds of Winter roar ;
The waves in wild commotion
Beat on the barren shore—
Are ye tired, ye winds and waves,
Of dashing thus in your hollow caves ?
The waves must wait till the winds are still,
And the winds must wait upon Heaven's will—
Rest thee my soul—a time will come,
When thy winds shall be still, and thy waves be
dumb.

WAITING.

I.

We wait for to-morrow, to-morrow,
For to-morrows that never will cease,
For the joy that is making for sorrow
And the pain that is making for peace.

II.

The joy that comes in with the morning
Ere noon will have lost his zest,
But the joy that comes with the gloaming
Is the joy of rest ;—
It is best.

THE SCHOOL OF GRIEF.

Dear Christ, who in Thy school of grief can teach
Things far beyond the reach
Of mortal speech,
And more than any happy heart can tell,
We kneel to Thy humanity
And pray that we may learn of Thee
When joy and tears are mingled, It is well.

TOILERS.

Over the city white clouds are flying,

Fair white clouds from the lands of the sun,
And they go to the fields where the flowers are
dying,

And give them a rain-drink every one.
But down in the city pale women are crying
Would to God ! that the day were done.

BITTERSWEET.

I.

Joy had never sweetness

But was drunk from a bitter cup :

Fear had never fleetness

But with Death we needs must sup.

II.

Soft airs had never toning

But died on a silent bed :

Winds had never moaning

But they blow where love lies dead.

THE SELF.

My well-fed friend, this is not the end
And do not imagine God is dead,
You may drink when you will
And eat till you fill
And rise when you list from your well-stuffed
bed.
But the longer you live
The more you must give
To nourish the self that is angel or fiend
When your crops have been sown and your harvest
gleaned.

ON A FINE SUMMER'S DAY.

On days like these we mortals should be better,
For, if we are not, every sordid fetter
That binds us to the earthy will be rivetted
Until the sexton sees us damned and divitted.

THE SEXTON.

Passing beneath the solemn gates of sleep,
Our merry village sexton I espied,
He touched his hat politely, asked "how deep?"
"Deeper than Love or Hatred" I replied.

ADVERSITY.

Adversity, good scolding wife,
Quite innocent of airs and graces,
You take a serious view of life,
With uncongenial embraces :
On pleasure you are never bent,
You do not kick beyond the traces
Like jades all redolent of scent
Who jib and jilt and paint their faces—
I will not grumble at your frowns,
Nor curse the tightness of your laces,
You teach me how to live with clowns
And eat dry bread without grimaces !

LIFE'S NORTHERN WALL.



I, who have lived beneath life's northern wall,
Eating sour fruit, astringent to the mouth,
Can hear the merry laughter of my friends
Enjoying luscious melons on the south.

WRINKLES.

Where merry children were playing,
The bright green grass is worn—
And I notice the wrinkles are staying
Where my happiest smiles were born.

IN THE MIDST OF A TOWN.

I.

There's a little back yard in the midst of a town,
Where even the nettles can't fight with the
grime ;
In a border neglected, all withered and brown,
Surrounded by weeds, stands a skeleton lime.

II.

Yet only last night, with the moon shining clear,
This place to a beautiful garden had grown,
When a poor little drudge, with a sigh and a tear,
Told a gay little waif that her heart was his
own.

THE LIGHTS IN THE VILLAGE.

I.

Three of our village lights are late :
One in the thatched house by the turning,
Where Sam the smith, and his fair bride Kate
Still keep their candle burning.

II.

One in the cottage down the lane
Where the midwife watches Janet
Who faints with fright and sweats with pain,
As a new soul steps on the planet.

III.

And one in the hovel under the knoll,
Where Tom the tinker's dying,
Left all alone with his wanton Moll,
Who is stitching his shroud and crying.

A BLUE VEIN.

I.

A blue vein crosses my dear love's breast
From the heart to where it can feed another,
It toils all day, throbbing, never at rest,
And at night it brings dreams of a mother.

II.

I can see it twitching like someone stitching,
A pale faced seamstress, far from the crowd,
Who finds in her task there is something bewitching,
Sewing the seams of her own white shroud.

LONGING.

Oh, what is this for which my heart is longing ;
 This pining for delights that never come ;
These empty halls to which my thoughts are
 thronging,—
These instruments of music that are dumb ?

Is it that once, within my own possession,
 I held life whole and let the chance go by ;
That blind and deaf, to one true heart's
 confession
 I missed the blush nor overheard the sigh ?

FORGOTTEN.



When thy dear lips as roses red,
Like roses red, shall withered be ;
When they voice in echo's cave lies dead,
Thy memory—
As a wave that has passed from a silent sea,
Shall be forgotten utterly.

DO NOT BARE YOUR SORROW.

I.

Do not bare your sorrow
To the eyes of night,
They have gazed on anguish,
Till they're weary of the sight,

II.

Do not show your heart, when bleeding,
To the garish day—
The flies of mediocrity
Will lay their eggs and fly away.

WOODEN SOULS.



Where'er I've gone I've ever noted this,
That wooden souls keep wooden gods to kiss.

MEN-MINDED WOMEN.

**Men-minded women and maid-minded men,
I hate 'em both : give me a cock or hen.**

A PARADISE OF WISHES.

This world is but a paradise of wishes
Which only are desired as they're denied :
As though a man before a thousand dishes,
Which all were boiled, could only eat the fried.

ROSES ARE RED.

Roses are red and so are some men's noses ;
Lemons are sour, some women are the same ;
Each virtue its true quality discloses
When gilt and varnished in its proper frame.

1000

IF A MAIDEN GRANT A BOON.

I.

If a maiden grant a boon
Early in the morning,
Let her have her wedding soon,
Let her have her wedding soon,
Fickle love may pass by noon,
Leaving naught but scorning.

II.

If a man should love a maid
Early in the morning,
Let his wedding still be staid,
Let his wedding still be staid,
All his life may else be paid,
In return for scorning.

TO LADY RAMSAY,
OF BAMFF.

The gods, one sunny afternoon,
Had all the nymphs at tea together,
And mighty Jove exclaimed to June,
“I’ll lay my peacocks to a feather
You never saw such grace combined
In anyone of womankind.”
“My Lord,” says June, “I’ll take your wager
You’re foolish for so old a stager,
My thimble to a butt of malmsey—”
Cried Jove, “I’ve lost! here’s Lady Ramsay!”

THE FAIREST FLOWERS.



I.

The fairest flowers are forced to fade
Against their will,
But if you had remained a maid,
All lovely still,
You might have kept your beauty bright
Nor lost so much as Mistress White.

II.

What tempted you to change your name
I cannot think,
Thus blotting out the vestal flame,
As black as ink,
Has only left you in the light—
The nuptial gloom of Mistress White.

BEYOND THE MOON

In the land where the roses and daffodils know
And are glad they were told why they blossom
and blow ;
Where the rooks in November all sing to a
tune
They were taught by a nightingale minstrel in
June ;
Then what will the Poet be able to say,
With his vision and hearing no longer astray ?

THE POET.

A poet's life was weighed in Heaven,
What he had taken and what had given,
And the angels said he had given more
Than ever came from the rich man's store,
For his love was strong and his thoughts were
 kind
To all alike in his ample mind.

THE FISHERMAIDEN.

I.

Out on a point of the far North Sea,
Where the crags are grim and bare,
When the tempest raves, it takes the waves
And shakes them by the hair.

II.

The rocks shout nay to the billows' way,
And the winds shriek yes to the foam,
They blow it white through the wild black night
On the roof of the fisherman's home.

III.

His wife has started from a dream,
Her eyes are wet with tears,
For she has heard the grey mews scream
And her thoughts are thick with fears.

IV.

But the fishermaid lies fast asleep
And dreams of a sunlit sea,
Her lover's arms are round her
And a babe croons on her knee.

THE GAME OF JUDGING.

I.

The squaring of circles as large as the moon
By measures as small as the stretch of a gnat,
Declaring the future of this will be soon
And prophets of credit think nothing of that ;

II.

How this one from Ratho is certainly damned,
For holding to doctrines unworthy belief,
And that one is safe since his soul has been
crammed
By a pious old Calvinist hailing from Crieff ;

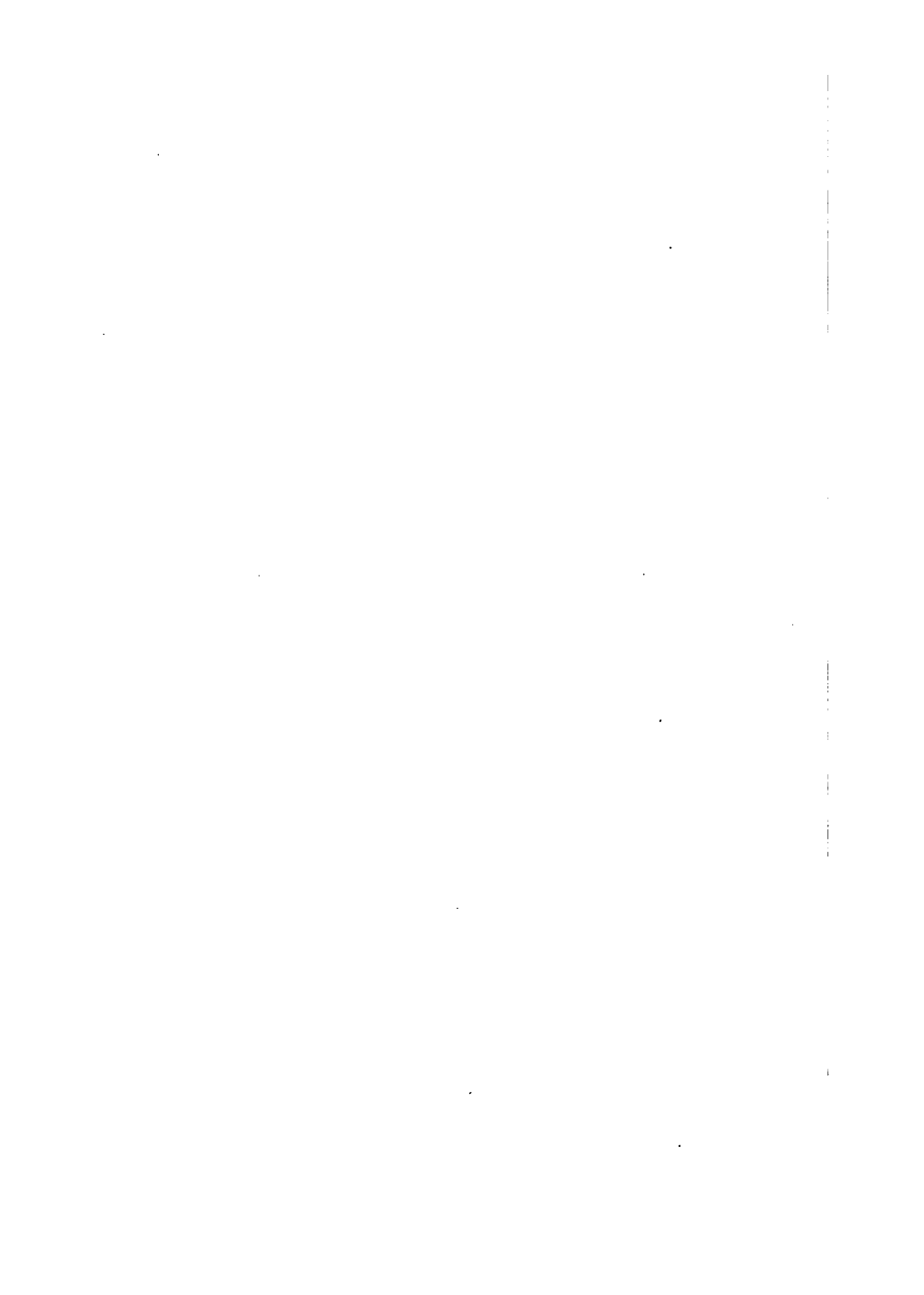
III.

Is a game with a candle which gutters and spurts,
And is often blown out by a puff of the wind ;
But the gist of the game is to see that it hurts,
Making sure in the judging that someone is
pinned ;

IV.

Better skewer'd, if you can, through the liver
and heart,
And exposed to the gaze of the sanctified eye,
At times and in ways that are certain to smart,
And give most effect to the Pharisee's sigh.

SONGS AND LYRICS.



SONGS AND LYRICS.

DENHOLM'S DEAN.

I.

Wi' bonny Jean, through Denholm's Dean,
When spring was fresh and early,
The blossomed May on mony a spray,
Hung round our path fu' rarely.

II.

Through Denholm's Dean, my bonny Jean,
When stooks were stannin' rarely,
Ere Winter came, was carried hame,
A flower that withered early.

III.

Past Denholm's Dean I walked yest're en
The wind it whistled rarely,
The black stemed sloe stared through the snow,
My heart it beat fu' sairly.

FAIR KATE O' LLANBEDR.

I.

O! fair is Llanbedr,* where tall grows the
heather,
And Arkol runs clear from the hills to the sea ;
But my bosom is smarting at thought of the
parting
Between the fair Kate o' Llanbedr and me.

II.

She wanders as airy, and light as a fairy,
Her step, like the deer's, is as lightsome and free,
But she's bound me a tether o' lovelocks and
heather,
Will aye be the dearest o' tethers to me.

* In Wales the natives pronounce dr in Llanbedr like th.

III.

Her hair is as flowing, and bright as the glowing,
Of clouds in the gloaming, combed out by the
breeze

And her voice is as soft as the winds when they're
blowing

Through meadows of clover and sweet blossomed
trees.

IV.

Her eyes are as beaming, as clear rivers streaming,
Her thoughts are unbound as the flight of the
bee,

But my heart she has captured, and fancy
enraptured,

In dreams of delight, her fair vision I see.

V

She is fairer than ony, baith winsome and bonny,
And blithe as the linty that sings on the lea,
But my bosom is smarting, at thought of the
parting

Between the fair Kate o' Llanbedr and me.

MAGGIE LOCHEAD.*

I.

O, Maggie Lohead,
They may talk o' their mead,
Their nectar ambrosia and a' that
But I'd far rather sip,
At the sweets o' your lip,
Than honey o' Hybla and a' that.

II.

They may talk o' the rose,
When its fresh petal blows,
O' their pinks and carnations and a' that,
But in vain may they seek,
For the match o' your cheek,
Among roses and lilies and a' that.

* In the Scottish dialect head in Lohead is pronounced like heed.

III.

They may bid me to hark,
To the song o' the lark,
To mavis and blackbird and a' that,
But the lilt o' your voice,
Wad still be my choice,
'Fore nightingale linty and a' that.

IV.

They may talk o' their bowers,
Where the sky never lowers,
Where the sun's never clouded and a' that,
But a lang summer day,
'Mang the new tedded hay,
Wi' you, is my fancy for a' that.

ERSKINE FERRY.

I.

The Summer's broom has golden bloom

The rowan has its berry O'

But nane sae fair as may compare

Wi' Jean o' Erskine Ferry O.

The Summer's bloom on birk and broom

Wi' sprays o' blossoms many O

There's nane sae fair as may compare

Wi' my sweet bonny Jenny O.

II.

The mavis' sang is saft and lang,

The linty's sweet and merry O,

But to my ear there's nane sae dear

As Jean's across the Ferry O.

Nae birdie's sang tho' saft and lang—

I'll gie the wale of ony O,—

Unto my ear is half sae dear

As my sweet bonny Jenny O.

III.

Though beauty dwells in England's dells

And 'mang the hills o' Derry O!

There's nane hae airt to move my heart

Like Jean o' Erskine Ferry O.

There's ne'er a belle in town does dwell

That's worth to me a penny O.

For nane hae airt to move my heart

Like my sweet bonny Jenny O!

MARTHA SINGS.

I.

Here's a health to the lad who will give me a kiss
'Tis only with him I would tarry,
And away with the prudes who know nothing of
bliss,
And a plague on the fools that they marry.

II.

When the day's work is done there's a joy that
remains,
Our trials and troubles beguiling,
And what are our frets or our debts or our pains
In the light of a laddie that's smiling.

Here's a health, etc.

III.

Clear eyes were not meant to be clouded with
tears,
Cherry lips were not lent for repining ;
The brightest of beauty grows rusty with years
So use it while yet it is shining.

Here's a health, etc.

FAUST SINGS.

I.

I have passed the pike in the middle of life,
And paid Old Time his toll,
My throat has been dry with the dust and the
 strife,
Where Pity is scarce and Hatred rife,
And there's never a crust for the soul.

II.

Past the pike, the grass grew green,
And the wind through their leaves was sing-
 ing—
If there's sorrow in life, there is laughter between,
And the bells are not dumb when they're ring-
 ing—
The bells are not dumb when they're ringing.

III.

Past the trees, a maid I met,
Her limbs were lythe and her feet well set,
And her eyes were as bright as a pebble that's
 wet,
Then I said to my soul, well met, well met
The Autumn will wed with the Springtime yet—
And the bells of my life will be ringing—
The bells are not dumb when they're ringing !

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

I.

The lover has whispered the maiden to wait,
And rapture has banished her fear,
The darkness has prayed that the dawn may be
late,
And has crept through the brake to be near;
For the Spirit of song is the soul of delight,
And the nightingale's voice has enchanted
the night.

II.

The daisy is dreaming, the rose is awake,
And the aspen is stilled by his strain,
The iris stands hushed by the edge of the lake,
And the breezes are sighing "again";
For the spirit of song is the soul of delight,
And the nightingale's voice has enchanted
the night.

TO A PRIMROSE.

I.

Primrose, who art so sweet,
Although thy charms be fleet,
And pass away too soon,
Thou hast thy golden noon ;
And, if the sun be late,
With patience thou dost wait
To heaven most dutiful,
Making one spot of earth supremely beautiful.

II.

How different from man
Who wastes his little span,
Racing, without a rest
To ease his heaving breast,
Till he is laid at last,
Both joy and sorrow past,
And every care,
Beneath the turf, which thou hast made so fair.

BRIGHT YOUNG MOON.

I.

Bright young moon above the uplands rising
Bring no fresh hopes, with thee, to waste and
wane!
Joy, like thy sheen, is all a fond disguising,
Love soon grows cold and faith is given in
vain.

II.

Full clear moon, from out the high clouds
peering,
Gild loss with glamour till it looks like gain,
Hold high thy lamp to help poor mortals
steering,
From birth to death, across life's tumbling
main.

III.

Low wan moon beneath the sad sea falling,
I, too, alas! like thee, have lived in vain,
Take with thee now the past beyond recalling—
The weary past, its sorrow and its pain.



WHEN SYLVIA TRIPS ACROSS THE
PLAIN.

I.

When Sylvia trips across the plain,
Such magic doth attend her,
That every swain looks round again
Another sigh to send her.

II.

When, like a queen, she walks at noon,
The skies gaze down upon her ;
On starry nights, the silver moon
Shines forth to do her honour.

III.

Both men and women sing her praise,
There's naught can do her harming,
For Sylvia's thoughts and Sylvia's ways
Are pure as they are charming.

A SONG OF SPRING.

I.

When willow wands begin to spring,
And tits and finches peck the spray,
When chattering starlings dress their wing,
And blue grows brighter on the jay,
Then Madge and Molly have a care ;
And mind the latch that heads the stair.

II.

When lilacs bud and hedges shoot,
And osier twigs are burnished gold,
When Tom begins to play his flute,
And Colin whistles from the fold ;
Then Madge and Molly keep a watch,
And hold your hands against the latch.

III.

When leaves hang brown upon the beech,
And daises tell the Winter's gone,
It matters naught what parsons preach,
The world will still go wagging on ;
Then Madge and Molly have a care,
And bolt the latch that heads the stair.

THE WORLD IS NEVER TWICE THE
SAME.

I.

The world is never twice the same,
Sometimes sunshine, sometimes rain,
Ever, like a scolding dame,
This day fair then foul again ;—
Nan alone hath got God's grace
To keep an ever smiling face.

II.

Autumn wears a robe of grief,
And nature doth begin her groaning,
Dripping bough and faded leaf,
And the coming tempest's moaning ;—
Then Nancy with a blazing log,
And merry jest defies the fog.

III.

Winter stands knee-deep in snow,
And the icy East doth sting,
March his lusty cheek doth blow
Blustering out against the Spring ;—
Then doth Nancy never tire
To brew good punch and mend the fire.

IV.

Gentle April brings his rains,
And all the world for love doth sigh,
Maidens' peaks and mothers' pains
All are turned to jollity ;—
With kirtle tucked, then runneth Nan,
And bringeth forth a brimming can.

V.

Summer like a Queen doth come,
And the roses tell her story ;
Ripening peach and purpling plum,
She doth pass in all her glory ;—
Then Nan is more delightful still,
For then she smiles and does your will.

BY SILVER STREAMS.

A DUST.

I.

By silver streams where throstles call
Full oft my love repaireth ;
And there I go when moonbeams fall,
To ask her how she fareth.

II.

She 'Oh ! I fare not well at all.'—
He 'Wherefore thus repining?'—
Both { 'Love is naught or love is all,
Just as fancy 's shining.'

III.

He 'Thou art not the only fair.—
She 'Once I did adore thee!—
Both { 'There are others rich and rare,
'I prefer before thee !

IV.

He 'Farewell, sweet maid, I must away.'—

She 'Wherefore dost thou leave me?'—

Both { 'What avails it if I stay
'Since I only grieve thee?'

V.

He 'Love is warm but scorn is cold.'—

She 'Colder love's declining.'—

Both { 'Love is strong and youth is bold'
'When our fancy's shining.'

VI.

'To-morrow is the first of May.—

'Kiss me quick, but do not stay'!—

'Kiss me, kiss me once again,

'Tis love that rids the world of pain.'

LOVE'S BANDAGE.

I.

If you are not kind,
Love will not be blind,
And if he chance to see,
Then, most assuredly,
Full many a fault he'll find.

II.

If ever, for your sake,
Love doth the bandage take
From off his eyes,
Then all my foolish care
For maids so false and fair
He'll teach me to despise.

III.

If you do not relent,
My passion will be spent
In many an empty sigh,
And then, when all too late,
Love will have shut his gate,
Nor ever more come nigh.

LOVE'S CLAIMS.

I.

Tell me not the skies are blue,
Though it be true
On some fine day,
Yet love doth bid me say,
There 's nothing in the skies
Can match the beauty of my dear love's eyes.

II.

Tell me not the rose is red,
It dies on Winter's bed ;
But, blossom, as it may
My love doth bid me say,
No roses blowing North or South
Can match the roses of her mouth.

BEAUTY'S SPELL.

I.

How bright the hours when Beauty's spell
Inwove the moments with delight,
When loving eyes had power to tell
What lips had never spoken right.

II.

When all the fulness of the Spring
Seemed mingled for our lover's bliss,
When, just as joy was taking wing,
We stayed him with another kiss!

SONNETS.

WOMAN.

Thou art a priestess sacrificed to man ;
Robed in thy beauty, ministering, thou dost stand
Before Life's altar—since the world began,
The High Priest nature hath withstood the hand
Of all that could dethrone thee. Thou art strong !
Thy healing chalice mitigates the doom
Of heart-worn pilgrims mourning all night long
Untimely losses, and the faded bloom
Of that bright flower whose hidden roots renew
Life out of Death. Time, choral with the Fates,
Repeats thy mystic rubrics. The winds strew
Thy altar steps with roses. Through thy gates
Throng winged Joys, Hopes, Angers, Vanities,
Inordinate Raptures, dry-lipped Jealousies.

TIME.

Lo! what a despot is this tyrant Time,
At whose sad summons comes the drooping
year,
With many a beauty, theme of stately rhyme,
To Death's high court, who is his only peer.
They to their antique sessions call the clown,
There the pale jester jangles not his bells.
Time takes no heed of youth's untouched
renown,
But wrinkled age his tooth's deep passage tells.
'Gainst Time's assault the fairest face is frail,
Life's alchemy created it from clay ;
Beneath his hand brass is of no avail,
And love's delights he filches clean away.
Yet Youth and Spring do Time and Death the
scorn
To laugh at both since ever they were born.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

Still the unending whence and why and whither,
Sound like the surges of an unseen sea,
Moanings of winds that bring no tidings hither,
Nor plank nor spar to tell what Death may be.
Reverberate echoes roll through caverns hollow,
And every echo has been noted well,
Strained souls for ages all alert to follow,
Have sought an answer and have none to tell ;
Still,—like the mighty Roman, proud, profane,—
Who sought the holiest place where naught was
found,—

Some mental conquest won, we grope again,
Lost in the dark, and still the echoes sound ;—
At times to me more sweet, like songs we sung,
Before our birth-death where our being sprung,

DEATH.



If Death be rest, Death will be rest indeed,
But if God's purpose lies beyond our tears
And agonies of parting, and His need,
Through all these bright illimitable spheres,
Is that we bear the burden of our life
From endless past till infinite to be,
Then I have faith, it cannot be the knife,
Nor burning flesh, nor priest-taught cruelty
That ever did or ever will come near,
In any guise of worship, God's high aim,—
Transcending thought, which fills even love with
fear
That none may comprehend Him. Theirs the
blame
Who keep the low brain of primordial man
For the full measure of their God-ward scan.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

13th November, 1887.

A wave not high but coming from afar,
Out of the depths of inarticulate seas,
Whose storms are discontents, with jolt and jar
Of social tumult ; where the heart at ease
Is as a sunlit bubble on the foam
Of tempest-driven thinking. The same wave,
Soon to go back, again will leave its home,
With higher bulk and turbid crest concave,
Dashing against prescription and the claim
Of precedent and usage. Some men dream
That when it breaks the world will be the same,
And others through the rack foretell the gleam
Of a new day. Yet neither of them ween
No power can wrench will be from what has been.

TO MR. WELLS' PICTURE OF "ALICE."

How full of manhood must your soul have been,
Filled high with all that makes men great and
good,

When thus, with spiritual touch, you drew the
screen,

Showing the child in one with womanhood.

How honest, thus, with what the father saw,

To be content, how bold to put it down

As what was best and fairest, nor to draw

Upon the feeble help of pose and gown.

So you have painted what is fairer far

Than rosy lips,—the guess work of the brain,—

Than moulded brows and braided tresses are :

A nobler subject yours ; so well to gain

The inmost soul in this that you have done—

This perfect child and womanhood in one.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

POEMS.

THE BEGGAR OF LOVE.

I.

The beggar of love is a thirsty soul
Who tramps along with never a dole,
And drinks deep draughts from an empty bowl.

II.

And wherever he goes he laughs and brings
Beautiful music from beautiful things,
Though his fiddle has neither bow nor strings.

III.

His fiddle 's an echo of things divine,
His bow is a beaker of good red wine,
And his strings are the threads of his fancy fine.

IV.

What can he sing of her beautiful eyes ?
Deep as the depth of gloaming skies
When two stars watch for the moon to rise.

V.

Fathomless eyes that glimmer and glow—
Noon, high noon, where the panzies blow,
Down among lilies as white as the snow.

VI.

Tremulous eyes that glitter and gleam,—
Stars in the glass of a moonlit stream,
Where all night long red roses dream.

VII.

The beggar wakes at break of day,
And he hears the stream to the breezes say,
'She was here last night and has gone away.'

FALSE AND TRUE.

I.

Ye may not break the spell
With any flowers of Spring ;
Daisy or Asphodel,
Ye may not bring,
Although she loved them well.

II.

Wreathe round her temples fair
Dark laurel leaves, and weave
Myrtles among her hair,
Myrtles that ever breathe
Love stronger than despair.

III.

E're they have withered quite
When all is dark and still,
Behold an armed knight
Will ride across the hill,
His shield no longer bright.

IV.

‘ Then she will rise and say,
‘ Why dost thou tremble so ?
‘ Thou hast been long away,
‘ I did not bid thee go—
‘ I do not bid thee stay.

V.

‘ Since thou hast come again,
‘ Thy horse being out of breath,
‘ Why not let go his rein ?
‘ He’s ridden near to death,
‘ Dismount and ease his pain.

VI.

‘ Thou must aweary be,
‘ Thy head is surely sore,
‘ For I can plainly see
‘ Thy helmet drips with gore ;
‘ What is it aileth thee ?

VII.

'Thy looks are full of fear,
'Why did'st thou ride so long?'
'Wilt thou not rest thee here?
'Unbind thy breastplate strong,
'Rest and lay down thy spear.

VIII.

'See how we women save
'Small treasures from love's wreck.—
''Tis naught I ever gave
'That hangs around thy neck;—
'Throw it into my grave.

IX.

'Nay, nay, since thou art faint,
'Thou needs must share my bed,—
''Tis an old kind and quaint:
'Spring, when the Winter's fled,
'Our coverlet will paint.

x.

' Now Death our host will be
' Who gives to every guest
' A great serenity—
' Here we shall have ample rest
' I with my babe and thee.

BY THE SEA.

I.

Clear glancing waves o'er glittering seas,
Responsive to the farthest star,
Move on through hidden harmonies,
Not heeding whence or what they are.

II.

Less than the sounds in memory's caves,
Or phantoms flitting through our dreams,
Untouched by consciousness the waves,
In vain reflect these distant gleams.

III.

So then I say the soul's delights
Reflected in Love's ecstasy,
Are more than these resplendent nights,
Full mirrored in this crystal sea.

FIRST LOVE.

I.

First-love's inarticulate breath
Is stifled in sighs,
As a moth is enamoured of Death
It flutters and dies.

II.

When the shadows of night are withdrawn
By the coming of day,
Fair clouds that were quick with the dawn
Soon vanish away.

III.

Love's phantom is ever the same,
It is born in delight :
It dies in the heat and the flame
And the passing of night.

THE PICTURES.

Look on this picture sideways—where the light
Strikes on the varnish. There is nothing left
Of the cheeks' colour now, and both the eyes
Are merely shaded blots. If this remain
Your permanent position, you'll forget,
Still looking on the canvas all askew,
That ever it had thrilled you. Take it so,
'Tis as you will—two feet to right or left
Would make a difference, which you know full
well

Makes all the difference. I have placed you thus
To show my meaning. Move from where you sit
But a few inches—stay, you need not budge—
One minute more the sun will pass the tower
And make a golden glory of the hair.

* * * * *

The sun has set upon the picture now,
The day's sharp shadows soften in the dusk,
An hour, and lo! a spectre in its frame
Is all that will be left—a memory ;—
We 'll have the candles in another room.

Here, where we sit—the light falls fitfully
On other pictures—the old masterpiece
Is all in darkness—nothing to be seen,
It waits in silence for to-morrow's dawn.
If by some chance a spider, through the night,
Should spin his web to catch a hapless fly,
The chambermaid will dust it—but, for her,
All interest will pass, the web being gone,
No notice taken of the painter's skill,
The light unnoted in the tender eyes,
And all the golden glory of the hair
Passed by unheeded as it had not been.

Is it not thus that man still looks on man,
Woman on woman? Will they budge an inch
To let the light fall where the picture shows
To best advantage? If they see a web
Or some undusted corner—lo! the broom,
The gossip and the joy of finding it,
The failure to perceive a masterpiece,
Or that a picture has been there at all!

CHILDHOOD.

I.

The noonday murmur of the bee,
The chirrup in the tender grass,
The mavis singing on the tree,
Are childhood's, and can never pass.

II.

Sweet music of the olden time,
Some simple songs of childhood come ;
Ah ! foolish tears, though faint the chime,
Thank God, they are not wholly dumb.

III.

Alas ! how little men can deal
With what the child so plainly saw,
Before we lost the power to feel
Soul-deep in ecstasy and awe.

IV.

And, ah ! how little could we guess,
The worth of things we held so light,
When losing, in life's wilderness,
The stars that led us through the night.

TO THE LATE
JOHN PARK, D.D.

WRITTEN AT HIS GRAVE IN ST. ANDREWS

I.

Long buried in this sacred ground,
The mighty Mother calls in vain
On thee, who, listening to the sound
Oft turned it to a sweet refrain.

II.

For thee, this blue unclouded sky
Rains down no ecstasy of song,
Thine ears are dust, and dumb the cry
Of sorrow, from the struggling throng.

III.

In vain this vast ethereal show,
Of colour, shadow, feature, form,
Moves on—a deep perpetual snow
Lies on thy heart—peace past life's storm.

IV.

But yet for thee, her tuneful son,
The mighty Mother's love is best ;
I doubt not, as the aeons run,
She clasps thee closely to her breast.

TO MEMORY.

I.

Come near me now when all the night is still,
Come hither with thy burden of the years,
My heart again will vibrate to the thrill
Of its old joys, as bootless as its tears.

II.

No other need I now when thou art here,
Nor help from dated chronicles of time,
I live again in days that still are dear,
And joy returns from childhood's fairy clime.

III.

Thine is the story of a life beyond
The life I live—I see what childhood saw
When first the world was fair, and strong the
bond
That had its strength in awe.

IV.

Bonds stronger and more father-like than fear,
Than fear of Death and all the pangs of Hell,
God came in childish longings, and was near
At singing of the linnet in the dell.

V.

The child now chides the man ; again I play,
Reaching in fancy to what once was mine,
When God's high temple was the Summer's day
And all things good and beautiful divine !

FINIS.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

IN PREPARATION.

THE THIRD EDITION
OF
"THE ABDICATION."

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

With permanent reproductions of the original Etchings
for the Second Edition by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.,
the late John Pettie, R.A., John McWhirter, R.A.,
Colin Hunter, A.R.A., R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., and
Tom Graham, H.R.S.A.

"One of the best plays in the Elizabethan manner
written in England. . . . A fresh source of pure
enjoyment."

PROFESSOR WENLEY, M.A., D.Sc., PHIL.
In the Magazine of the University of Michigan.

"The play is one of the best in a literary point of
view which we have seen for many years."

SIR CHARLES CAMERON, BART.
In the Glasgow Daily Mail.

